

the Monster Times



When it comes to menacing lovely ladies, monsters have long led the way. And it was King Kong's star-crossed courtship with Fay Wray that helped pave the way for a whole bevy of hapless horror heroines to be clutched, clawed, pawed and pursued by monsters and madmen of every description. In this issue, TMT pays tribute to the **HORROR HEROINES** of Hollywood—ladies who have inspired madmen to commit acts above and beyond the call of insanity and have caused grown monsters to weep. Turn to page 20 for the full story.

Below is another interpretation of the mighty Kong, as seen through the eyes of Russell Myers, creator of Broom-Hide, the world's most lovable witch. You'll be meeting Russ in this issue, along with C.C. Beck (the creator of Captain Marvel), THE FLY, and a whole host of other perverse people, places and—above all—things. So turn the page and join your friendly friends at TMT on another lively trek into forbidden realms where mortals shouldn't oughtta go.



What could these eyes have seen that has startled them so, widening them wildly in terror and horror and fear? A sight that would make any eyes sore! For these eyes have been looking upon nothing less than ...

THE HORROR OF

by Jim
Wnoroski

Spending
all your
time
in the
basement
was one
thing...
but
this is
going
too far!

"Once
it was
human...
even
as you
and I!"

While opinions concerning the artistic merits of Kurt Neuman's **THE FLY** vary (Denis Gifford: "Frightening"; Ivan Butler: "Ludicrous... revolting"; John Baxter: "...Rich in black comedy and a Corman-esque glee"; Donald C. Willis: "Poorly acted and directed."; Jean-Luc Goddard: "See if necessary..."; J. Kane: "Strangely touching ... oddly moving ... grotesquely gripping."), there is no denying that the film contains several scenes that rank among the most frighteningly effective sequences ever filmed. Here now to tell you about the strange case of **THE FLY** and the RETURN OF **THE FLY** is TMT word wizard Jim Wnoroski...

I am NOT out of my mind! I may be the only one who has that opinion, but then I am the only one in complete possession of the facts. Who would believe such an incredible story? I, for one, because it happened to me.

In order that you not think me insane, I, Phillip Delambre, am about to put down all the nightmarish facts of my tale as they actually happened. This is the story of the Curse of the Delambre Family... a curse

which has become known to the world at large as the horror of **THE FLY**!

It all began over 25 years ago when my father, Andre Delambre, began experimenting in areas not even the Devil himself would have ventured into. But in the name of progress and against the stern wishes of my mother, Helene, and her friend, Francois Brandon, my father pressed on with the work that would eventually bring his successful life as a famous scientist to an abrupt and horrible conclusion.

But I find myself rushing ahead with my story. I was young and uncaring then—my father keeping his work very much apart from family matters. We would see him at breakfast and again at supper, but during the day he would disappear into the dark recesses of our basement... which he had converted into a super-scientific laboratory completely sealed off from the rest of our spacious house.

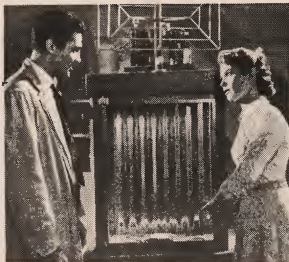
And as far as I know, he never confided in my mother, Dr. Brandon or myself, about his work and he specifically had our house built far back into the wildlands of Canada—away from all the prying eyes of neighbors. We even had our own provision shed for food and gas generator for electricity, yes, dad placed a very high premium on his secrecy.

ONE STORMY NIGHT

But being a brash, inquisitive young

How did a gentle, farsighted scientist with a healthy respect for human life become a horrible Fly-person capable of strangling law enforcement officers and anyone else that would stand in its way? The answer is a long, tight-fisted story that begins on this page.





Andre, the first of the drosophilic Delambres, introduces his wife to his just-completed teleportation machine, a device that will soon wreck their marriage and take his life. It is also responsible for disintegrating the family feline into a "stream of cat atoms." In fact, the machine saves improves ANYBODY'S condition, being the fiendish (if well-intentioned) thing that it is.

ster like most boys, my father's experiments were a subject of great curiosity to me—and so on that stormy night dad had asked Dr. Brandon over to inspect the invention he had labored so long and hard over. I quietly followed the pair down to the cellar. Keeping discreetly out of sight behind a bank of computers, I witnessed what had to be the strangest, yet most exciting sight that any human has ever been privileged to view. I still recall everything that transpired: Dr. Brandon stepped into the room and his eyes seemed to go wide as he said, "Andre, what's all this scientific equipment you've got down here—it looks like something out of an old 'Frankenstein' film. You haven't been trying to raise the dead, have you?"

Dad just laughed a bit under his breath as Brandon continued, "and what's with all these computers? I had some idea that what you were working on was atomic in nature, but I never dreamed you'd gone this far. What's it all about? Come you must tell me."

"I'll not only tell you, my dear Brandon," said father, "I'll show you." And with that he flicked a switch which set the whole room abuzz with activity. Lights flashed, machines hummed, and reels of special top-secret video tape spun around at furious speeds.

"What I propose to tell you now, Brandon, you shall reveal to no one else. You must give your solemn oath that you

will not tell a soul about what you will see here tonight. Do you promise?"

"I give you my word."

"Good, now you can help me prepare by selecting some article of clothing or personalized object which you value highly."

Brandon, without thinking, reached for his wallet—but on second thought held back and offered just his handkerchief saying, "Will this do?"

"What's the matter, don't you trust me? Soon you will have no doubts in your mind about my inventiveness."

And with that my father threw a small level which lowered two elongated tubes from the ceiling. Looking somewhat like ordinary telephone booths, each was large enough to contain a human being—but for now, only Brandon's handkerchief would be the "guinea pig" in this experiment.

"Please watch very carefully," father said as he walked quickly but surely over to the booth situated on the right side of the room. The corresponding tube, an exact twin down to the last nut and bolt, sat directly opposite on the left-hand side of the lab. Placing the white cloth within the large glass container, father pressed several more buttons then turned again toward Brandon—his face keyed with excitement.

"Now you will witness, hopefully, the fruits of two long years of experimentation. Wish me luck, Francois!"

Men into Muses Domestica (that's housefly to you). Despite the Fly head, the scientist manages to retain his human intelligence ... but his awareness of the sickening situation only increases his torment.



The scientist's best-laid plans backfire with a vengeance, as a fly gets in the proverbial ointment, turning Andre into the hideous apparition you see here.

"I wish you all the best, Andre, of course, but I wish you would please drop all this suspense and tell me what's going on. For heaven's sake, man, you're acting like some 'mad scientist' from an old movie.

"All of us are a little bit mad at one time or another, Francois, so I beg of you to indulge me just this once."

Brandon agreed.

"Now enough with words," shouted father at the machine noise rose to an incredible whine. Then both father and Brandon donned special darkened eye goggles to protect their vision from the searing blue light which seemed to envelop the room from all sides. I struggled with all my will power to continue staring at the incredible brightness, but at last I could take no more and was forced to turn away. Then, as quickly as it all began—it was over. I peered into the laboratory once more, and to my amazement nothing seemed to have changed at all. The machines were all still there, neither Brandon nor my father had suffered any harm, the clicking and buzzing of the computers continued as always, the books were undamaged—but wait ... hadn't father put Dr. Brandon's handkerchief in the right tube? Now it was mysteriously sitting across the room in the left staff. What had happened? I listened intently as my father began to

sing the praises of his own success.

'TIS DONE!

"I've done it! I've done it! Don't you see,

Vincent Price views the scientific surroundings with a suspicious and goggled eye. "It looks like something out of an old 'Frankenstein' film," he scoffs. Actually, the sets used in the old Frankenstein films were a lot more impressive than those used in THE FLY.



man. I've done something the world wouldn't have believed possible."

"Done what, Andre? The room has not changed at all. What have you done?" retorted Brandon.

"Why don't you see? I've transferred your handkerchief from the right booth to the left through means of atomic molecular conversion."

Brandon just frowned, saying, "This is all very well and good, Andre, but surely you did not invite me all this way into the backlands to witness what seems to be nothing more than a magician's parlor trick."

"Parlor trick ... parlor trick!" My father was furious. "Have you no sense or foresight, man, can't you see the far reaching implications of what I have done for mankind?"

"Frankly, Andre, I cannot!"

My father's face became livid, and his body stiff with rage—but the genius in him obviously kept his anger in check as he went on. "Travel is broadening, Brandon, our highways, airlines, and shipyards are overloaded now and it won't be long before over-population, massive congestion and pollution will choke us all to death."

"This is true, Andre," Brandon quipped. "But I still don't see what this all has to do with your machine."



The battle between Fly and Man rages, as the scientist-turned-insect fights to control an irresistible impulse to destroy everything in sight.

"Very simple," father replied, trying not to show his fury at Brandon's stupidity. "Suppose you were in Chicago and were planning a trip to California. It would be quite a long trip, even by plane ... but not if you had access to the teleprinter which you have seen in action here today. All you would need to do is step into the cabinet and announce your destination—the computers would take over from there."

"Each atom in your body," father continued, "would be broken down into its simplest form and then sent by wire across the continent in a matter of seconds—just like a telephone message. On reaching California, a similar machine would then 'reassemble' your atoms into your normal breathing self—just as you started out in Chicago!"

"Why, Andre, that's fantastic," replied Brandon, shocked more by my father's words than by his experiment. "Only a fiend or a madman would allow himself to enter that insidious chamber and be broken down into atomic particles. The whole thing is insane."

"No it's not, Brandon, your mind simply refuses to accept something so new and radical as my teleprinter device. People like you said the same thing about the airplane. With my invention, men no longer would need cars, boats or planes; fuel energy could be put to more important uses, and pollution would be a thing of the past."

"All very well and good, my dear Andre, but you'll not see me entering that gizmo. Who knows what torturous pain a man would endure making the transfer? Why a person might never be the same when he arrived at the other end."

Brandon asked my father if he had ever used a living subject, such as a rabbit or mouse, in the transfer machine. My father admitted that he had not. And with that Brandon wished him a pleasant evening and left without saying any more.

A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION

My father stood alone for a long while—not hearing a word. Crouching there unseen, I waited desperately to run to him and tell him that his invention was going to help the world very much, but I knew it would be regarded as just a foolish gesture from a child of my years. So remaining where I was, I saw father walk slowly over to the teleportation machine and activate it once more. Neither he nor I spotted the large housefly which had flown into the booth on the left. Father donned a pair of goggles, threw a switch that sent blue streams of light flashing about the room, then he too entered the left chamber. Suddenly I realized he was going to test the invention with his own life. Fear welled up in me as I stumbled

from my hiding place and screamed to him not to go through with it. But the tremendous whine from the machines drowned out my voice entirely, and I had to turn away from the blinding rays of the electron gun that would soon shoot my father's atoms into the fourth dimension.

Then, in a moment, it was over. I turned my head around to look at the tube on the right—hoping against hope that I would see my father alive and well standing in the chamber. Instead I saw the most grotesque looking creature anyone could ever imagine. It had the body of my father, but its head was that of a huge fly—two big bulging cyclops dripping with slime, foot-long pinchers wet with putrid perspiration, and four hairy lips that slid across its horrible face like moist green rubber. A vision fit only for nightmares!



His Fly nature temporarily under control, Andre Delamora hides his horrible head under a black hood and instructs his wits to crush him to death under the press.

In a flash it had broken the glass booth and stumbled out onto the floor heading straight for me. I stood there unable to run, fear had paralyzed my legs, forcing me to stand and await my doom. Closer and closer came the human insect ... it seemed only seconds away. I prayed that all this was nothing more than a bad dream I had forgotten to wake up from, then just blackness swirled in around me.

KID COMES AROUND

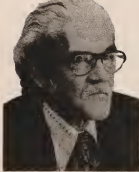
My eyes were not yet fully open when I regained consciousness. But through blurred vision I could see Dr. Brandon hovering over me with a small needle in his hand. Off to the left, at the foot of my bed, stood mother and a strange man I had never seen before.

Continued on page 29



The Fly head and claws will be squashed beyond recognition, and the terrible transformation undergone by the unfortunate scientist will be shielded from the eyes of the world ... but not by his son's.

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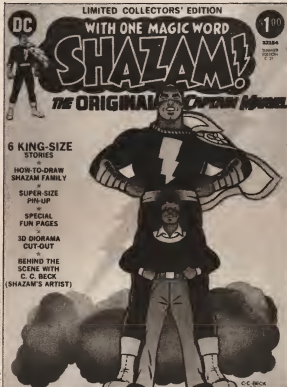
Few characters have ever had the immense popularity garnered by CAPTAIN MARVEL, affectionately called "The Big Red Cheese." Strangely, though, Captain Marvel's definitive artist, C.C. BECK, is just now getting the credit and media exposure he so richly deserves.

He has spent upwards of 40 years illustrating comics, doing work for comics as diverse as **FATMAN**, **THE HUMAN FLYING SAUCER** and **IBIS**, **THE INVINCIBLE**.

His clean, refreshing style has made him immensely popular, and this year he, Russell Myers (see his story also in this issue) and Burne Hogarth (**TARZAN**) will be sharing the Guest of Honor spots at this year's New York Comic Art Convention. Gary Brown, editor of **COMIXSCENE**, interviewed Beck for **THE MONSTER TIMES**, and came up with this scintillating scoop.

When you first meet C.C. Beck, something in the back of your mind tells you that you have seen him before—or at least that he looks somewhat familiar. Before you can pinpoint it, Beck readily admits that many people mistake him for Milton Stone, who plays "Doc" on **GUNSMOKE**. A nod and a word of agreement later, you realize that a conversation with Beck, the artist

MEET THE MAKER OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, THE BIG RED CHEESE; AN ARTIST-WRITER WHOSE WORK SPANS FIVE DECADES AND WHO NOW DRAWS SHAZAM!, THE HOTTEST COMIC BOOK TO APPEAR SINCE CAPTAIN MARVEL(!?). meet . . .



This cover represents the good Captain's first foray outside normal comic books. It's the giant edition of SHAZAM!, which is LIFE Magazine-sized and sells for \$1.00. It's one of the best comic items in years, as it includes a Captain Marvel diorama, lots of stories, puzzle pages and how-to-draw and coloring sections. We highly recommend it, so rush down to your newsstand and grab it.

beginning to become quite popular with the American buying public.

With this assignment in mind, they created such characters as Ibis, Golden Arrow, Spyglassmaster and a Captain Thunder for a comic book which was to be called **WHIZ #1**. The stories were printed in black and white, mainly for copyright purposes, and reprinted in **WHIZ #2**, which was in color and distributed around the country. Sometime after the first issue, the name of Captain Thunder was changed to Captain Marvel and Beck had to go back and reletter each balloon where the former Captain's name appeared. Thus was born one of the comics' most popular and colorful characters, Captain Marvel.

colorful characters, Captain Marvel.

THE MAKING OF CAPTAIN MARVEL

Beck and author Otto Binder are probably the first names that come to mind when Captain Marvel is mentioned, although many people worked on the writing and drawing for the Fawcett characters. Beck always fought for control over the comics he worked on. He made changes in both the script and art, in order to keep the Captain Marvel family of books as consistent and readable as possible. Beck was always concerned with the telling of the story and how the breakdowns and layouts looked. In an interview in **COMIXSCENE #2**, Beck stated, "An artist must never draw anything that isn't necessary. Everything in the story must have a purpose and make the story flow well." He never liked excessive violence and almost always went out of his way to avoid drawing knockdown, drag-out fights.

Captain Marvel was as much noted for his humor and off-beat characters as he was for his fantastic adventures. Much of this success must be attributed to Beck, as writer Binder comments, "Beck often changed the story somewhat, and always

to the better. He has a tremendous story sense and could use ways to improve the flow of my scripts or bolster up weak points. I believe I wrote good stuff, in general, but Beck's art made me seem like a master."



Author Gary Brown suggests that C.C. looks a lot like **GUNSMOKE**'s Doc, but the astute TMT staff noticed a tremendous resemblance between good ol' Doc SHAW and the present day C.C. Beck.

As Captain Marvel and the Fawcett line of comic books grew in popularity, Beck became more concerned with the story-telling. When the staff grew to almost 100 people, Beck formed his own studio to package the stories for the blossoming company, and therefore gave a little more say-so in how the story was presented. It was at this time that Beck put in for a raise in pay and was turned down. Disappointed, yet insistent, Beck threatened to leave and go to work for some other company. Fawcett then changed their minds and increased Beck's salary as well as promoting him to "Chief Artist" over all their books—the only personal recognition he ever received from Fawcett. There was a policy at the time that the artists could not sign their names to their work, based on the theory that it would take away from the realism and fantasy of the stories. They wanted their young readers to actually believe there was a Captain Marvel. It apparently worked quite well, although it takes a sharp eye and a good deal of knowledge to spot the various styles in the Captain Marvel stories. Beck has stated that there was a good bit of helping each other out and editing, almost to the tune of



This is one of the Captain's earliest covers, appearing on **CAPTAIN MARVEL #4**, back in 1941. This is also the first time that the word "SHAZAM!" appeared on the cover, thus adding a new word to the American vocabulary. And some of you thought it was invented by Gomer Pyle. For shame!

and co-creator of Captain Marvel, can lead from television to weapon-making. Most of all, Beck enjoys talking about drawing and writing for comic books.

In 1933 Beck caught on as an illustrator of pulp magazines for the Fawcett Publishing Company. He began by redrawing and updating old cartoons and spot illustrating for such magazines as **SMOKEHOUSE**, **HOOEY**, **WHIZ**, **BANG** and **FOR MEN**. After six years of this, Beck was teamed up with writer Bill Parker to create a line of comic books for Fawcett. The comic book, if you will recall, was quite new at the time and just



This is the cover to the first issue of the revived CAPTAIN MARVEL. The book is called SHAZAM! instead of CAPTAIN MARVEL because MARVEL COMICS has a comic book entitled CAPTAIN MARVEL. Complicated, isn't it?



This illustration was a very early publicity still for the Captain Marvel serial. WHIZ comic was the companion magazine to CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES. While the good Captain fought and destroyed evil forces in WHIZ, most of his time in CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES was taken up by battles with Mr. Mind, a worm dubbed the "World's Smallest Villain."

MR. MIND

"you do the head and I'll do the feet" sort of assembly line production.

The Beck studio began operation in Englewood, New Jersey in 1941 with Al Allard as art director. Beck would assign several pages to each artist, then leave them alone to finish the work. Afterwards, Beck would carefully edit the material, offer his comments and often redraw the faces to assure that the Big Red Cheese would look the same in every story. The studio not only turned out the Captain Marvel stories, but picked up other comic book work whenever it became available. In the period between 1945 and 1947, the studio did a number of outside assignments, including a number of books for a Canadian publisher. In addition, Beck and Binder created other characters for a publisher who went bankrupt before even

the first issues hit the newsstands.

Beck worked with fellow artist Pete Costanza a great deal of the time. Costanza was one of the mainstays of the studio—being the first artist that Beck hired. It was curious that years later, Costanza, as well as Binder and staff artist Kurt Schaffenberger, would all be writing and drawing Superman comics. The relationship between Superman and Captain Marvel—and the people who created and worked on these characters—was inextricable.

CAPTAIN MARVEL MUST DIE

It was with CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES #2 that legal action was filed by National Periodicals, claiming that Captain Marvel was an outright copy of their character, Superman! After technical

delays and legal hassles, the suit eventually came to trial in May of 1951. To this day, Beck maintains that Captain Marvel is "no Superman"—and never was!

The settlement of the suit gave all the comic book rights of Captain Marvel and all the other Fawcett characters, along with the movies, dolls, and other off-shoots, to National Periodicals. This left Beck and all the comic book people at Fawcett without a job. Captain Marvel, it appeared, was gone for good!

In 1953, Beck moved to Miami and became a bartender for a while, then joined Russ Smiley's commercial art studio, where he still does occasional assignments. He also worked for Wilford Hurst and Bill Hayes before setting up his own studio, the CC Beck Studio of Art and Design. Beck and Binder had made attempts to sell several daily newspaper strips, but after making the sounds of most of the syndicates, the project was forgotten.

It was during this period that Beck explored his literary side. He wrote a series of stories, including **THE WORLD'S**



Other "MARVEL FAMILY" members were Uncle Marvel (who didn't really have any powers, he just faked it) and the Three Lieutenant Marvels, whose stay was short and rather banal.

MIGHTIEST FATHEAD, a fiction novel dealing with the Golden Age of the comics. Ever the optimist, Beck says of it, "Maybe they'll find it among my papers when I'm gone and by that time the publishing business will be in such a sorry state that they'll publish it and it'll be a best seller!"

Beck's writing talents also extended into the science fiction field, and he submitted several stories to **ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION**. One of the four stories, "Vanishing Point," appeared in the July 1952 issue of **ASTOUNDING**.

NO LOVE LEFT

Never losing his love or enthusiasm for the comics, Beck re-entered the field in 1960, when he accepted an offer from Milton Publishing Co. to work on a comic book called **FATMAN**. With Otto Binder writing the stories and Will Leiber and Wendell Crowley at the publishing and editorial controls, visions of past glories were brought to mind. The cover of **FATMAN** #1 boldly announced the reuniting of Beck and Binder, while the strip was a wonderful Captain Marvel-like satire on the world and comic books themselves. Fatman's costume was strikingly similar to Captain Marvel's, and one character called the Tin Man looked very much like a young man by the name of Billy Batson.

Beck's enthusiasm leaped from the pages of the new creation, and even though he put money on the project by passing up important advertising accounts he put his full heart into the work. Beck was just about doing the entire comic book—pencil-drawing, inking, lettering and about one-third of the coloring.



Back in the mid-1960's, C.C. Beck returned briefly to comics and drew **FATMAN, THE HUMAN FLYING SAUCER** for the now-defunct Milton Company. His biggest claim to fame was that he had three identities: **VAN CRAWFORD**, a florist, **FATMAN**, a powerless Keyblade Colonus-type and **THE HUMAN FLYING SAUCER**, which was just what the name implies.

While sales increased with each issue, **FATMAN** was no competitor for the larger comic companies and soon vanished from the stands. There were plans to bring out a comic called **CAPTAIN SHAZAM**, with Beck and Binder doing the work, but Milton folded. Once again it appeared as though C.C. Beck's career as a comic book artist was over. He did ink a Sunday page of **MICKEY FINN** for the late Lark Leonard, but generally he went back to his commercial art business, making incredibly realistic paper weapons and doing an occasional drawing for Captain Marvel fans.

It was not until the summer of 1972 that a series of events occurred which would both astound the comic book world and pave a road for Beck's return to the field. In July 1972 it was announced that the original Captain Marvel would return! After 20 years in "suspension," the Captain that everyone knew and loved would be once again rescuing people from the world's wickedest villains.

BECK'S BACK!

At first it was unsure who would draw the strip, but those who knew Beck and Captain Marvel best knew that there would be but one choice—C.C. Beck! After a few letters, Beck submitted a drawing of "Strip Van Marvel," who captured the fancy of publisher Carmine Infantino and editor Julius Schwartz. Beck was hired on the spot and began his usual penciling, inking, and lettering chores.

Beck feels that the writing on **SHAZAM** is fair and improving rapidly. He admires Elrond Maggin's sense of humor and though Denny O'Neill's idea of having Captain Marvel help his suspension was excellent, in the **COMIXSCENE** interview, Beck stated that he felt the key to Captain Marvel was Billy Batson. "Billy is the main character who gets into all the jams. Marvel is there only to bail him out. We try to use Marvel as sparingly as possible."

Now residing in North Miami, Beck lives with his wife and enjoys entertaining his grandchildren as frequently as possible. His interest in art extends far beyond the drawing of comic books. His hobby is making realistic weapons out of cardboard and paper and whatever else he has laying around the house. At first glance they appear to be real, from the design right on down to the splattered blood on the knives and axes. He enjoys painting, still draws for his design studio and is enjoying life to the fullest.

But most of all, Beck is the man who knows Captain Marvel best. He knows what makes him tick and why. And somewhere in his thoughts, Beck realizes that as long as Captain Marvel is remembered, he will be too. They take each other seriously—most of the time!

This C.C. Beck how-to-draw-it section comes from the aforementioned Giant Captain Marvel SHAZAM book brought to you by the nice folks at DC. Wow—that Beck can draw! We'll say it again, put this paper down (after you've bought it), search through your local newsstands and buy a copy of Giant SHAZAM! Have we ever steered you wrong?



LATE FILM ROUND-UP will be a semi-regular (or, more accurately, a semi-irregular) TMT feature dedicated to notorious news and fearless reviews of Fantasy Film-dom's latest creations. Under the guanoose guidance of Media Editor R. Allen Laidler, with the eerie assistance of the TMT staff (J. John Kane), this feature will bring the film industry's spawn of darkness under the bright light of instructive criticism, concentrating mainly on those films released over the past few months that we couldn't, due to space limitations, cover in greater depth. The "late," incidentally, means recent, not "dead" (although that certainly does apply to a startling number of instances). So before you run out to frantically slash your hard-earned cash on the latest celluloid atrocity, it would be wise to consult these pages first. After all, the bread you save may be your own...

BARON BLOOD [1972] Directed by Mario Bava. Starring Joseph Cotten, Elke Sommer, Massimo Girotti, Antonio Cantelero, Alan Collins.



BARON BLOOD continues Italian master Mario Bava's inane intonation with the zoom lens. The tale, familiar story has to do with a hotel firm's restoration of an ancient Austrian castle, a plan that includes the addition of several Coke machines, presumably for the benefit of American tourists. Unfortunately, the plan also extends to the restoration of the castle's equally ancient arch-demon owner, who had been put to



rest some 300 years earlier by a spiteful witch. Aswirl in minis, Elke Sommer manages to undercut her age once again; alas, she is indeed a poor replacement for Barbara Steele. Joseph Cotten portrays the Jekyll/Hyde-ish monster with as much glibly aplomb, as he can muster from a wheelchair. What the film lacks in wheel-chair and bawdy dialogue, it more than makes up for with revived corpses, boggy sets, weird sound, and bloody murder scenes, scenes at which the Italian technicians are most adept. D.B.

TMT Reviewer's Key

D.S. David Bartholomew
M.S. Myron Sanger
R.A.L. R. Allen Laidler
D.S. David Stidworthy



THE CREEPING FLESH [1973] Directed by Wes Craven.

Starring Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Lorna Heilbron, Hedger Wallace, George Benson, Jenny Runnells.

It's **THE CREEPING FLESH** in the flesh and it's enough to make your flesh crawl right off your bones. It's a delicious treat from Columbia Pictures starring none other than the sinister Christopher Lee and the perverse Peter Cushing as a pair of step brothers out to stop on each other's ambitions. Their common adversary is a centuries-old creature, a demon who is the carrier of the most terrible disease ever to plague mankind... the bacillus that causes EVIL! Just as the ads promised, the insane are driven to "greater



excesses of madness," and the film is great fun. Production values are high, direction tight, and the acting... well, the names speak for themselves. ENJOY!
R.A.L.

HANDS OF THE RIPPER [1971] Directed by Peter Sealey. Starring Eric Porter, Angharad Rees, Jane Marrow, Keith Sell, Dora Bryan, Norman Bird, Charles Lamb.

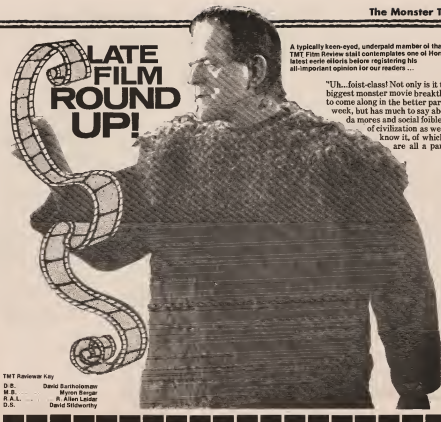
Should **HANDS OF THE RIPPER** turn up again near you, you might want to make an effort to catch it. While the film is somewhat encumbered by a time-worn plot, Hammer writer Tudor Gates managed to avoid the clichéd stereotypes we might expect from such an offering. Eric Porter's Dr. Pritchard, for



'Hands of the Ripper'

A typically keen-eyed, underpaid member of the TMT Film Review staff contemplates one of Horror-dom's latest eerie efforts before registering his all-important opinion for our readers...

"Uhh...foist-class! Not only is it the biggest monster movie breakthrough to come along in the better part of a week, but has much to say about da mores and social foibles of civilization as we know it, of which we are all a part..."



MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL [1973] Windmill Films. With Bill Preston [No other credits available].

This is the time for a change. And the change has come in the form of **MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL**, a film by a new production company with a new angle on horror and comedy. This gruesome goody is unlike anything ever before seen in this genre of film. It is, without question, the goriest, bloodiest, most frightening film ever made ANYWHERE. And it's funny, too. Figures that out.

It has more ghouls snacking on more red hot human flesh, more blood dripping from more wounds, more monsters than anything ever before made ANYWHERE. Now those sound like pretty big claims and they are. But they are true.

The inspiration for **MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL** is from a new production company which, among other things, has commissioned an audio specialist in Psycho-acoustics to design a musical score to psychologically produce emotional responses of terror and fright.

Another new approach used in this celluloid rendering of severed limbs and stripped skulls is witty horror, i.e., a bunch of ghouls build up an appetite by

watching classic horror flicks on TV and then devouring their victims [ALIVE!] while discussing the merits of the old films. But, **MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL** is more than a comedy, horror film or gory version of **GREASE'S PALACE OF FREAKS**. It is a terror-version of Tennessee Wil-



liams' **CAMINO REAL** in which the sets are built entirely of reclaimed junk, the actors are grotesque versions of real people and the events are the real world as seen by a horror movie buff, perhaps. Try it—you'll like it.
R.A.L.

example, is not just the pure scientist type; he's a humanitarian and philanthropist to boot. Angharad Rees, as Anne, the mentally disturbed and homicidal girl he befriends, is believable enough to keep you in doubt as to whether she's the female ripper or not. Produced on a slightly smaller budget than Hammer's better-publicized films, the eerie embellishments to the somewhat stale plot are fresh and novel. More devoted night lars will want to see this one for new twists on old themes. R.A.L.

ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD (1972): 1. REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD 2. CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD [directed by Merio Ben] 3. FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD [starring Anita Ekberg] ... three feature films in one triple-bill package.

Wise old ghosts know that bad things always come in threes. Well, here are three films bringing onsets of bad times for all. Three for the price of one and a few chills into the bargain is what ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD means. And, as a special added attraction ... ANITA EKBERG! Now what could be wrong with a beautiful helping of ghosts, vampires and werewolves? Plenty! The lack of inspiration on the parts of the writers and directors of these three episodic "moddrammas" is not to be believed ... or set through.

The first 'epic' is called REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD and deals with a Mad Doctor who runs a mental institution [stop me if you've heard this one before]. Naturally a series of gruesome, unnatural murders takes place in the asylum and everyone is suspect. Went more? O.K. There is a secret room in the asylum where the doctor keeps a 'monster' locked up. Who comes along but the heroine who opens the secret room to 'see what is inside.' Ho Hum. You can write your own ending to this one.

The second course, or course if you will, is called CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD. The title probably refers to these films, a curse on filmmakers if there ever was one. Another doctor spends 79 minutes lying to exorcise a malevolent ghost from an ancient

mansion. Extra added attractions in this one include a village witch, a weasel and the ghost's mother. Help!

The light is now visible at the end of the haunted tunnel and the fired writers run out of clichés. So ... they hired Anita Ekberg to do a thing called FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD. Yet another haunted castle complete with resident vampires who do not want to be evicted by new-owner Ekberg. As it turns out, Anita's great grandfather was a sorcerer who gave immortality to her ancestors, turning them into blood drinkers and now they want to have Anita join them in their unworthy death-life. This may be the best one of the three, but after the first two your senses are so numb as to be insensitive to anything. R.A.L.

ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD



SOYLENT GREEN

(1973) Directed by Richard Fleischer. Starring Charlton Heston, Leigh Taylor-Young, Chuck Connors, Joseph Cotten, Brock Peters, Edward G. Robinson.

This new MGM scifi is not nearly as good as it should be, considering the resources of its sizeable budget. Actually, the deeply pessimistic film is little more than a thinly disguised cops and robbers and politicians tale set in New York City in 2022 (as if anyone could imagine New York City in 2022). The people-scooper sequence upon which MGM is basing their ed campaign is disappointingly tepid as are, in general, most of the film's scifi aspects. Still, it is Edward G. Robinson's best picture, and he is very good. Charlton Heston, alas Moses, as Al, and looking too much his age for his role, is not.

Several of the exterior green-filtered scenes are intriguing, like the sequence where Heston visits a street parked curb-to-curb with cars in which people live, i.e., the

new ghetto in a spec-science SOYLENT GREEN. It is nicely done and, indeed, might just turn you out processed foods for awhile. D.B.

THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE (1972)

Directed by Eddie Romero. Starring John Ashley, Pat Woodell, Charles MacCauley, Jen Martin, Pam Grier.

Since John Ashley's last trip to BLOOD ISLAND, Filipino horror has been moving up in the quality spectrum. Ashley has produced many of these pictures and, while his acting fails to dazzle from the usual histrionics, he and director Eddie Romero have broken tradition to create a small winner. Ashley is a soldier of

AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS (1973) Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Starring Peter Cushing, Herbert Lom, Patrick Magee, Ian Ogilvy, Stephanie Beachem, Guy Rolfe.

If you're planning to see Peter Cushing's latest fright epic, plan on bringing a friend with you ... not because you'll need the company, but because you'll want him to wake you up—when [end II] the screaming starts. AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS happens to be the title of the movie in question. Unfortunately, most movie patrons who catch this fiasco will more than likely be screaming for a refund.

So, what's the story? It's 1785 in England; Charles Fennigton (Ian Ogilvy), a rich young man, has married Catherine, a beautiful young lady (Stephanie Beachem), and has moved her into his mansion on the English countryside. Everything goes

along pretty quietly until a dismembered hand starts grabbing at Catherine Fennigton's throat. Charles and everyone else on the estate thinks that the crawling, clutching hand is a product of the young wife's imagination. But wait! Now the wife sees not only a bloody hand, but a ghastly specter missing one hand and two eyes. Unfortunately for Catherine, no one else sees the ghost or the hand.

While Catherine slowly goes bananas, all the folks hanging out at the mansion start acting very suspiciously. Like: is the ghost really the product of Catherine's sick mind, or does the gruesome thing really exist? It all winds up with a kind of well-earned apoplexy for all the ghostly goings-on that's as old-target as the goings-on themselves. We'd tell you the explanation, but, well, you had to be there to appreciate it. M.B.



fortune kidnapped by the goons of a Dr. Gordon (Ches. MacCauley), who wants his "Intelligence" to guide a Post-Ecological Doomsday race of people, who are part enteleph, wolf, boar, what-have-you. Ashley's escape and the revolt of the creatures supplies the main action—the Man Bat steals the show when his wings finally enable him to fly. Romero is probably no natural lover, but his camera's capture in laudable color the majestic flora of some of the world's prettiest jungles. Speaking of color—Black and Beautiful Pam Grier plays the Panther Woman. Black monsters have come far since they were typecast as zombies when a discovery like "Captive Wild Woman" Acquanette had to pass for Brazilian instead of Afro Yankze. D.S.

THE VAULT OF HORROR (1973)

Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Starring Daniel Massey, Terry-Thomas, Glynnis Johns, Curt Jurgens, Dawn Addams, Michael Craig, Edward Judd, Tom Baker, Denholm Elliott.

As a follow-up to last year's TALES FROM THE CRYPT and ASYLUM, Amicus now unveils THE VAULT OF HORROR which blends 5 choice-cut stories about vampires, tekis, voodoo, premature burials, and nastiness (?)

taken from the pages of the old EC comics. The emphasis here is solely on laughs rather than on horror/terror/suspense, and most of the tales simply do not work at all. Not one of them even comes close to matching the gritty grittiness of the original published stories as did several of the episodes in TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Expert horror veteran Roy Ward Baker merely directs anthology films, 6 to date; maybe it's time we put up the detour sign. D.B.



While horror films have not produced a startling number of ladies of the liberated variety, there has always been a place for women in these films—usually in the paws or claws of some heavy-breathing

monster. Femme afficionado and all-around male chauvinist monster Bill Feret pays tribute to some of the greatest distressed damsels ever to scream an audience awake herewith...

BEAUTIES AND THEIR BEASTS!

THE HORROR HEROINES OF HOLLYWOOD



Lil Dagover was one of the first screen ladies to be manhandled by a monster—in this case Conrad Veidt as the mad somnambulist in the experimental 1919 film, *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI*.



Robert Evers (Inspector Henderson on the *SUPERSERIES* TV series) plays the monster.

THE NEANDERTHAL MAN harasses harried heroine in this understandably obscure 1963 horror epic.

Have you ever thought what a dreary film *KING KONG* would have been if he hadn't had the hapless Ann Darrow to harass? Would one have felt one iota of sympathy for the Gill-Man in *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* if Julie Adams hadn't looked so good in a bathing suit? Would the excitement of the anti-climactic snore scene in *THIS ISLAND EARTH* been quite as chilling if the Mutant had attacked Exeter instead of Ruth? "No," you shriek, a thousand times, "eh-eh!"

The fiend without the female is a one-dimensional boor, the lycanthrope without the lass is nothing more than a slaving animal, but add that slight touch of feminine charm and you've produced a sensitive ghoulie, oozing pathos. The hero feels his blood boil when confronted by the damsel in distress, aching to rescue her from the clutches of the creature; while the female feels the gooseflesh as she empathizes with the plight of the heroine. For an audience to project themselves completely into the terrors of the film, they have to relate to the predicament of the clutched cutie. The monster too reaps the benefits of the presence of the lady, no longer that gargantuan eld, he can feel emotion, and may even conjure up a little bit of sentimental "warmth."

And conversely, whenever the female of the species takes on the role of the fiendish antagonist, the monster has a



THIS ISLAND EARTH was invaded by Melanians in 1955 ... and the first thing the aliens accomplished was the abduction of Faith Domergue, a weakness shared by many monsters.



Eddie Powell, as a Hammer mummy, prepares to clutch Maggie Powell in *THE MUMMY'S SHROUD* (1967).

new side, charming, alluring and deadly. Honestly, have you ever seen a more deliciously deadly villainess than the super-browed, mascara mad Sandra Harrison playing the she-vampire in *BLOOD OF DRACULA* or Allison Hayes as the sultry sorceress in *THE UNDEAD*? Why one would almost welcome those scarlet talons running through one's scalp!

When you've got it ... you've got "IT." It seems that those girls who portray the picture of innocence on the screen have the ability to present the most frightening malevolence when they take on the role of the villainess. Hollywood, more often than one would think, has recognized this trait and alternates the perfect heroine with the frightful femme. Besides, whether playing the malignant or the malignant, the advertising posters look a lot better with a little cheesecake.

FAY CAME FIRST

It was probably the illustrious performance of Fay Wray that was responsible for setting the pattern for the heroines to come later. Not only was she one of the first, but also one of the best screamers the world has ever seen. Though *KING KONG* remains one of her best known films, she did a lot of shrieking in such other milestone films as *THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME*, *DOCTOR X*, *THE VAMPIRE RAT*, and the first experimental technicolor (two-tone) film



Glenn Strange as the Frankenstein Monster gives mermaid Ann Blyth a lift on the set of **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**. Ann looks less than terrified, though.

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM in 1933, which was remade twenty years later as the 3D epic, **HOUSE OF WAS**.

Though not precisely associated with the maidens of monsterdom, I should mention, if briefly, the heroines of the serial, for none other have endured so much in lost temples, sacrificial altars, grotesque anthropoids, death-dealing machinery as these. Jean Rogers fought off Ming's advances in the first two **FLASH GORDON** serials, while Frances Gifford was the besieged Nyoka in **JUNGLE GIRL**, a role also played by Kay Aldridge for 15 more episodes in **PERILS OF NYOKA**. Linda Stirling appeared in half-a-dozen different cliff-hangers, and somehow they all survived.

The beautiful Julie Adams, some thirty years later, would meet her adver-

sary in the guise of **THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**. Though this was her only venture into the lair of the beast, she endured more in this one film than many other harried heroines did in several. In fact, during the actual filming she was knocked unconscious in the cave scene, and it wasn't till the scene was completed that anyone knew it!

A girl likewise victimized by the Black Lagoon baddie was Lori Nelson in **REVENGE OF THE CREATURE**, who went on to suffer further tortures at the hands of the three-eyed mutant in **THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED**.

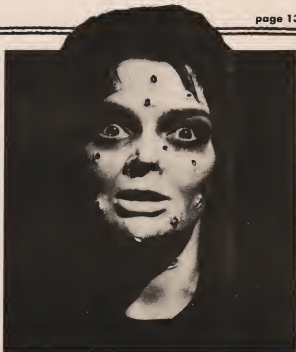
A heroine with a "bind-and-bee" complex was Mara Corday. The bothersome bird turned out to be the interstellar canary in **THE GIANT CLAW**, while the insects manifested themselves in both **THE BLACK SCORPION** and **TARANTULA**.

In addition to finding herself beleaguered by outer space activities and the Metalunan Mutant in **THIS ISLAND EARTH**, Faith Domergue was a "sucker" for the gigantic octopus in **IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA**, she spent some slightly "mixed-up time" with **THE ATOMIC MAN**, but in the end turned viper as the were-serpent in **CULT OF THE COBRA**. Even now, Miss Domergue continues undaunted in the yet-unreleased films, **HOUSE OF THE SEVEN CORPSES** and **SO EVIL MY SISTER**.

BATTLING BEVERLY

Beverly Garland is a very competent dramatic actress and comedienne, but she

Oliver Reed emits **THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF** when Yvonne Romain resists his advances. The 1961 Hammer lycanthropic effort was one of the best of its kind ever made.



The normally beautiful Barbara Steele is caught during an odd moment in **BLACK SUNDAY**. Barbara has haunted the erotic nightmares of many a horror film fan.

got her start screaming opposite **THE NEANDERTHAL MAN** in 1953. She followed this with a couple of quickie horror epics at American International; killed by the carrot creature from Venus in **IT CONQUERED THE WORLD**, only to be resurrected for the Devonian demon in **NOT OF THIS EARTH**. Somewhere along the way, she met Bombs, the Jungle Boy for **KILLER LEOPARD**, and while still in the jungle, was dragged off by **CURUCU, BEAST OF THE AMAZON**. There she met and married one of the **ALLIGATOR PEOPLE**, but it wasn't quite as (crook) idyllic as she imagined, and so settled for several seasons of terror on **MY THREE SONS**. Bev can still be seen playing drunks and shrill neurotics on all the major television dramas.

With her sensuous beauty and fantastic figure, the heroine role fell to Allison Hayes only once in **THE UNEARTHLY**.



Bela Lugosi could menace ladies with the best of them. Here he embraces Helen Chendler's neck in a scene from the original **DRACULA**.



Being a monster is mostly hard work, but it does have its compensations...



THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON prewarmed the company of Julia Adams in his innately undressable life. Nothing good ever came of the match, however.

but has she a record for playing the gorgeous ghoul? She essayed the title role of the ghouls in **ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN**, was the Voodoo queen in **THE DISEMBODIED**, a witch in **THE UNDEAD**, an undead in the **ZOMBIES OF MORA-TAU**, and the murderous mesmerist in **THE HYPNOTIC EYE**.

Having escaped the advances of Jose Ferrer's Cyrano de Bergerac, Mala Powers found that battling bubbles in the Brazilian jungles in **THE UNKNOWN TERROR** was even more rewarding, as she had a blind date with the **COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK**. That would seem to be enough to discourage anybody, but we'll next see Miss Powers in the soon-to-be released production of **DOOMSDAY**.

Peggie Castle fled from her image as a harem dancer, bleached her hair, and entered the heroine competition. Her first endeavor had her committing suicide in the dream ending of **INVASION U.S.A.**, escaping grasshoppers next in **BEGINNING OF THE END**, only to be possessed by an evil spirit in **BACK FROM THE DEAD**.

THE CYCLOPS found Gloria Talbott a delectable eyeful, but she managed to escape long enough to become a bride in **I**

FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN in the form of Susan Denberg in 1967. Peter Cushing played the mad doctor in this generally lavished Hammer offering.



MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE. If that weren't enough, she discovered a grisly skeleton in her family closet, and became a no-goodnick in **THE DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL**.



Lon Chaney Jr. drags Elyse Knox to **THE MUMMY'S TOMB**, but only because Evelyn Ankers had prior commitments—she was no doubt being chased by other monsters in another part of the Universal lot.

HAMMER HEROINES

As the Brits entered the budding Horror market, most notably with the emergence of Hammer films, the heroines' screams could be heard across the ocean. A gorgeous redhead by the name of Hazel Court started off early at Hammer, starring in their first classic remake, **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, and later in **THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH**. Her heroine cycle (that's a two-wheeler) was short-lived, but as Roger Corman started filming the works of Edgar Allan Poe for AIP, he chose

Hazel to add her bewitching charms to such epics as **THE PREMATURE BURIAL**, **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** and **THE RAVEN**. What you'd call "Poe-etir justice?"

Barbara Steele was in there pitching (or is that witching?) too. She gave a superb portrayal of the oldrich enchantress in **BLACK SUNDAY**, and merrily went her way screaming in films like **THE PIT** and **THE PENDULUM**, **CASTLE OF TERROR** and **THE HORRIBLE DR. HITCHCOCK**.

Another British Barbara, Shelley this time, made the scene quite dramatically, alternating heroine with horror, while frequently appearing at the Hammer Horror Factory. She was **THE CAT GIRL**, and **THE GORGON**, a disciple of **DRACULA**, **PRINCE OF DARKNESS**, and then became the molested in **BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE**, **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED**, **RASPUTIN**, **THE MAD MONK**, and gave a stunning performance in the now classic **Quatermass III**. **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH**.

ANKERS AWAY

Yet if a title is to be given for the greatest amount of appearances as mistress and monster it must be given to Miss Evelyn Ankers, who made her mark under contract to Universal at the peak of the horror cycle (that's a 5-wheeler) of the forties. Her screen credits read like a Who's-Who of Mounterdom. Her monster debut was made lending off Lon Chaney's **THE WOLF MAN**, then the British-born lass was treated to an even worse fate at the hands of Abbott and Costello in **BOLD THAT GHOST**. She appeared in 2 Sherlock Holmes movies, **THE VOICE OF TERROR** and **THE PEARL OF DEATH**, met up with the masters in **SON OF DRACULA** and **GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN**, as well as such lesser villains as **THE MAD GHOUL** and **THE FROZEN GHOST** and even **THE INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE**. She turned nasty for **CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN**, **WEIRD WOMAN** (which was based on Fritz Lieber's **CONJURE WIFE**), **JUNGLE WOMAN** (that's quite a lot of loathsome ladies) and finally greeted the Apeman himself in **TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN**. Almost all the great fiends of filmdom were her nemesis, and she herself became the nemesis for other heroines. That's some record, and of all the screamers, she must



THE VAMPIRE AND THE BALLERINA were a match made in Italy, back in 1961. Lucio Ravello played the vampire; Maria Luiza Ravello the ballerina.

rank at the head of the list. Thirteen in all, how spry! Still lovely, and married to actor Richard Denning, himself the hero of many excursions into the unknown, she has retired from the silver "screen," none the worse for the wear (well?).

There are many others who have done their share of howling before the beast, actresses like Maria English, Joan Taylor, Coker Gray, Cathy Downs, all turning in fine performances against monstrous odds, but it has to be Miss Ankers who wins the title **Horror Heroine Champion**.

As long as there are monsters to be screamed at, there will always be some luscious lovely barely escaping extinction at his clutches, rushing into the arms of the conquering hero, and that, my dear readers, will probably be as long as there are films to be made.

Freddie March, in Mr. Hyde drag, warms up to Miriam Hopkins in the 1931 production of **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**. That's fine for Mr. Hyde, but Dr. Jekyll won't go for it at all.





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KARLOFF, THE MAN & THE MONSTER (ST. 5)
 REVIS: KARLOFF ONCE (75c & 25c)

The Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE... brought to you by your friendly fiends-in-the-field at TMT. (... listen for the sound of applause).



KING OF FUN CITY

The November 27, 1972 edition of New York magazine carried a visual fantasy exploring different ornaments that might be added to the top of the Empire State Building to restore it to its former glory as the world's tallest building (right now it only ranks number three behind Chicago's Sears Tower and New York's World Trade Center). One of their ideas was to build a monument to King Kong atop the mighty structure, a move that would certainly be heartily endorsed by Fun City's MONSTER TIMES readers. And who knows, but if Abe Besma gets elected mayor, then instead of a statue named Kong, we might have a real one named Kong... and make this city what it used to be again.



EDGAR WINTER MEETS THE MONSTER

Edgar Winter, brother of Johnny and leader of the Edgar Winter Group, pays tribute to one of the world's greatest monsters with his hit single "FRANKENSTEIN," a hard-rock instrumental currently clawing its way to the top of the charts. Edgar, who joins Lou Reed, David Bowie, Alice Cooper, Eric Emerson and what seems like countless others in the Drag Rock Crusade, wrote the music for the single, which also appears on Edgar's latest LP, "They Only Come Out At Night." God knows it's getting harder and harder to know what's hip these days, but rumor has it that a new group will soon be appearing whose members are so decadent that they wear crucifixes, play wiretaps, and get to bed by 11, and never hold hands in public.



1. (SFX)



2. SUPERMAN: Hey that was some jump.



3. Can I look at those sneakers?



4. I do a lot of jumping myself.



5. I'm able to jump tall buildings ... LITTLE BOY: I know ... in a single bound.



6. SUPERMAN: I've never seen sneakers like that or soles like that.



7. What do they call them? LITTLE BOY: Keds Super Sneaks.



8. SUPERMAN: Super Sneaks ... I like that.



9. Say, where can I get 'em?



10. LITTLE BOY: Sorry they're just for kids.



11. BATMAN: Can I look at those sneakers? SUPERMAN: They won't fit you - either.



12. ANNCR: (VO) Super Sneaks. Just for boys and girls.

SUPER SNEAKS: FOR KIDS ONLY!

Pow! Bam! Zap! Untoys's Keds advertisers had both feet on the ground, when they kicked off their Super Sneaks saturation ad campaign, which featured Superman, Batman, and more exclamation points than you could shake a stick at. The theme of the campaign, which has been appearing on many of the Saturday morning kiddie shows, was that Keds' new sneaker line-Super Sneaks—were "just for kids." In the TV commercial (WHICH WAS JUST AS BUILT AS LE TALLER DURING A SINGLE MORNING) a kid on a slide is interrupted by Superman (William Bissman), who says, "Gee, I'd like to have a



pair of shoes like that." "New," pipes the kid, "they're just for kids." Exit Superman. Enter Batmen (Alex Scheele). But the Caped Crusader is told, "They won't fit you either, Batman! Super Sneaks are just for kids, see."

We at TMT are glad to see unemployed Superman and Batman find work, and we're not beyond appreciating an ad campaign that's conducted with such flamboyant flair, gusto, zip and pep. The Footwear Forecaster, the Untoys house organ, further states: "Super Sneaks are just for kids, and so is the commercial that begins a POW! campaign starting now (February 24) and running through May. With Batman and Superman on our side, sales will soar like a skyrocketing rocket. Can you reach the cash register with a single bound? You've needed this, to handle the demand." Clover, these Yankus.



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IT CAME FROM OUT OF THE CATSKILLS

When is a monster like an upscale resort hotel? When advertisers run out of better metaphors, that's when. What else would explain this odd ad appearing in the New York Post and plugging the Concord Hotel? "The Monster's gonna get you," reads the copy. "And wait till you see what the Monster gives you, when you get gotten: 6,783 yards of one of the greatest golf courses in the world..." etc. The ad goes on to hype the Concord golf course, which reminds us of one of our least favorite monster jokes, which goes, to wit: Question: Why did the golfing monster stab his caddy? Answer: Because he always wanted to make a hole in one. Sorry.



"Client Dracula wasn't it enough you picked our brains"

CLIENT DRACULA

With the kind of vivid imagination we've come to expect from the industry, this monstrous ad for S.D. Stern Communications, Inc., a public relations and promotion outfit, recently appeared in The New York Times. The ad shows Dracula and cohorts menacing a Stern worker,

while the harassed young man, throwing all punctuation to the wind, exclaims, "Client Dracula wasn't it enough you picked our brains?" Apparently, the brains weren't enough and Drac is back to try to get blood from an adman. Better you should try a stone, Count.

SPOOKS IN SURREY

A titler item in the New York Post reports a strange development in the British labor situation. It

seems that workers at a printing factory in Surrey refused to work overtime until the management could rid the piece of an eerie unwanted guest—a ghost named Henry. You'd think they could at least have gotten a skeleton crew for the night shift.

BY BILL FERET

KUNG FU

The new screen excitement that gives you the biggest kick of your life!

This rugged rendition of David Carradine as KUNG FU's Kwai Chang Caine originally appeared in the Official KUNG FU STAR TREK Catalog No. 4. Nice drawing!

Martial arts maven, Bruce Lee has FEET OF FRENZY to go along with his FISTS OF FURY, giving him a one-two, three-four combination

Nancy Kwan leads her WONDER WOMEN into an unseen fray in the soon-to-be-released movie of the same name. The film's original title was WOMEN OF TRANS PLANT ISLAND, but movie moguls have since decreed that transplant is a "cut" and fists are "in."

FIVE FINGERS POINTS THE WAY

It all started when FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH came on the screen scene. Hypothesized by a smashing ad campaign from Warner Bros., it's become an overnight sensation.

Not to be outdone, National General released FISTS OF FURY, which has equalled and, in some areas, outdone FF of D. It's star, Bruce Lee, has become a STAR in capital letters. His only other noteworthy role was that of Kato on the short-lived television series, THE GREEN HORNET, starring Van Williams.

If you snickered at my KING KUNG, take it back. Did you ever expect to see a film titled DEEP THRUST? The little battling beauty who stars in this flick has netted for her producers almost half a million dollars in box-office business ... in New York ALONE!

And there's an entire collection of Oriental fighting styles that haven't even been exploited on the screen yet.

The basic Japanese styles are: Aikido—this is not a sport, it's non-aggressive, rather a self-defense technique; Kendo—based on the Samurai sword-fighters, similar to Western fencing; Ju-Jitsu—something of a Judo of the streets, anything goes ... eye-gouging, limb-cracking, very unethical; Judo—this is a highly respected sport, with a distinct set of rules and regulations; Karate—literally meaning "empty hands," highly disciplined, mostly hand work, feet to be kept on the floor. It's considered to be a true art form.

These are strictly Japanese schools of martial art. In China, they are mostly all combined under the one title of Kung Fu, translated literally as "consciousness."

Korean Karate is called Tai Kwan Do and utilizes much more use of the feet than hands while Hapkido, another form of Karate, calls for more physical grappling and greater use of the hands.

With all that material to work with, and the most inexpensive production facilities in the world, the oriental film is just coming into its own.

This is just the beginning, you ain't seen nothing yet.

Film fads come and go, sometimes very quickly and often never to be heard from again. The James Bond thrillers of the 60's inspired untold imitations all over the world, films whose popularity paled after a few brief years of economic glory. Now it's the Kung Fu film that's got its deadly hand around the industry and, before it fades, we dispatched TMT Teletypist Bill Feret to investigate the Kung Fu phenomenon. We suggest you read this article quickly, though... otherwise the trend might be over with before you finish reading.

DEADLY DIGITS, Pinky of Peril, Nasty Knuckles, Tumb of Thunder.

These days, The Flying Finger of Fate is high on the Hollywood Horizon and it's pointing to rich box office rewards. Rumor has it they're planning a film called KING KUNG...FU (That's a lie, but don't be too surprised if it should really show up some day.)

Karate is not only "IN", it's everywhere. With the immediate and unpre-

At least partially responsible for the current martial arts film trend is the popularity of the KUNG FU teleseries, starring David (Son of Long John) Carradine. In the series, Carradine portrays Caine, a Chinese-American refugee and certified Shaolin priest who has fled his native China after killing a member of the imperial family who had murdered his teacher. The series explores the cultural differences between the peace-loving but potentially violent (when he has to be) Caine and the often hostile inhabitants of an American West of the 1870's. Carradine gets plenty of opportunity to display his kung fu talents in the show when he defends himself against the sometimes brutal forces of the barbarous frontier. The show has been doing so well that Carradine has even been allowed to let some of his hair grow back!

By the way, we hear that ABC would like to hear what you think about the KUNG FU series. Anyone who writes them will receive a FREE photo of David Carradine, so if you're interested in supporting the show or in picking up a free photo, write: KUNG FU, c/o ABC, 4151 Prospect Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027.



The sudden and ironic emergence of the martial arts movie has forced us to switch from our traditional hand-clutching shots to close-fisted Kung Fu photos, like this one of Bruce Lee getting ready to settle a score with his powerful FISTS OF FURY. But don't despair ... we've got shots of hand-clutching monsters elsewhere in the issue.

General Film Corp. enters the competition with **WONDER WOMEN**, starring gorgeous Oriental Nancy Kwan. Originally titled **GIRLS OF TRANSPLANT ISLAND**, they decided to play down the now not-quite-so-timely "transplant" aspect and play up the lethal ladies.

The Britons join up with their **BIG ZAPPER**, which is none other than a little girl. Played by Linda Marlowe, she carries a pair of .357 magnums, besides her pair of ... chopppers. If you see her, you'd know she was "Cream of the Chop."

KILLERS FROM HONG KONG

The Hong Kong-based Shaw Brothers, who started this whole thing with the American release of **FIVE FINGERS**, have in release, or will have soon, films

like (ready?) **INVINCIBLE BOXER**, **THE NEW ONE-ARMED SWORDSMAN**, **CHINESE BOXER**, **LADY HERMIT**, **BOXER FROM SHANTUNG**, **FOUR TEEN AMAZONS**, **MAN OF IRON**, **BELLS OF DEATH**, **THE KILLER**, **TWELVE GOLDEN MEDALLIONS**, **THE DELINQUENT**, **ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS**, **KISS OF DEATH**, **POLICE FORCE** and **BLOOD BROTHERS**. No wonder the most expensive item on the budget is the supply of fake blood!

Wang Yu, star of **FIVE FINGERS**, will be seen shortly in **BEACH OF THE GODS**. While Angela Mao, demure and deadly darling of **DEEP THRUST**, will be soon seen in **HAKI-DO**. Both from Cathay Films.

If this doesn't whet the American public's thirst for blood and hunger for violence, then nothing will. I'll have a salami on Samurai.

To quote Newsweek magazine ... "Arggh! Zap! Wham! Thunk! Thwap! Chung! Whap!"—And that was just the trailer.

The oriental sensation—now gives America the action its been waiting for!

Superartist Jim Jones brought us his interpretation of scenes appearing in **FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH**, the first film to cash in on the Kung Fu craze. The sudden rash of martial arts movies has altered even the perception of battle between pro-violence-in-the-media and anti-violence-in-the-media factions. We at TMT take no sides in this war; we just like to sit back and watch them have it each other.



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#25



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Imagine a gang of mean, malicious motorcycle hoods who meet up with an even meaner, more malicious cult of devil-worshippers who turn a couple of the bikers into werewolves. Well, all of us fall prey to some pretty trite fantasies from time to time, but most of us have learned to deal with them... usually by taking an aspirin and lying down for awhile. Not so Paul Lewis and Michel Levesque—they made a movie out of just such a fantasy and called it **WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS**. Noted TMT Teletypist Bill Feret tells you all about it here...



Believe it or not, **WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS** was not the worst film this reviewer's ever seen. The story was actually somewhat better than I had expected, though in most ways as trite as your average B fright film. Still, it was better than **HORROR OF PARTY BEACH** and even **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**, just to name two, and that must count for something, no?

In the film, members of "The Devil's Advocates," a biker gang, get involved with a cult of devil-worshippers headed by an archfiend called "One," menacingly played by Severn Darden. Darden, a distinguished actor and accomplished comedian, was one of the original founders of the improvisational satire group, The Second City, some years back and puts his talents to work in this one, playing the demented demon worshipper with great gusto, élan and panache.

The cult, in short order, drugs the gang and steals Helen (D.J. Anderson), the gangleader's girl, the better they might sacrifice her to Satan. In a trance, she does a little erotic soft-shoe, with a snake as her partner, after which the "ol' Blamed and Horny" master himself makes her his blushing bride. When the gang awakens from their stupor, they promptly attack the satan-worshippers and recapture the girl.

The leader of the pack is named Adam and played by Stephen Oliver. (You might

remember him as the "lousy" Marlon Brando-type aspiring actor in the tele-series, **BRACKEN'S WORLD**.) The bikers ride off into the desert and make camp. During the night, however, Adam gets amorous with Helen, now the Devil's Bride, who responds by gleefully biting his neck. One would have thought that it was only vampirism on the prowl, had not the title warned us otherwise.

DANGERS IN THE NIGHT

In the morning, the gang discovers that two of their own have been brutally murdered. One gang member, Tarot—a self-styled sage who had been predicting trouble for the gang all along—claims there is evil in their presence. Sure enough, on the following night, another member is murdered—this time the guard that Adam had placed on watch.

Tarot persists on telling the gang that there is some unknown evil in their midst. We saw the werewolf do the deed on this latter slaying, so we, the audience, know for sure. The next night, at the campsite, Tarot and Adam get into a fight, during which Adam starts the lycanthropic transformation, and so does (even as we suspected all along) his girlfriend.

The gang sets fire to the girl, but Adam jumps on his motorcycle, in order to 1) make his escape, and 2) justify the film's title. The gang gives chase and, in a rather

The deafening roar of the mighty choppers booming down a dusty highway and the thunderous footfalls of an audience stampeding towards an EXIT sign can only mean one thing... that the **WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS** is coming!

exciting pursuit scene, manage to set fire to him too as he speeds off the road into the darkness. With their leader and his old lady all burned up—victims of the evil devil worshippers—the gang, with Tarot now at the helm, decides to wreak vengeance upon the cultists.

As they return to attack the Satanic society—and here's the innovative part of the flick—they are overwhelmed and turned into Devil devotees themselves. The disciples of Satan are now free to carry on their master's work.

The color wasn't bad at all, and I rather liked the werewolf make-up, which, though fairly standard, was not nearly an amateurish as some. Performances were a notch above adequate, and the slender Severn Darden was convincingly malevolent. William Gray, of **FATHER KNOWS BEST** and **NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** fame, turns in a brief but fancy bit as a car salesman.

As for the title, in truth there was only one werewolf on wheels—but still, it's better than calling it **FUZZY RIDER**, at least.

WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS (1971) 84 minutes. Directed by Michel Levesque. Written by Levesque and David M. Kaufman. Starring Stephen Oliver, Severn Darden, D.J. Anderson, William Gray, Duane Berry, Barry McGuire, John Hall, Carl Lee, Leonard Rogel.

Stephen Oliver as a biker-turned-werewolf stalks about the California desert with murder and mayhem on his mind. The producers apparently wanted to kill two genres with a single film and unfortunately, they almost succeeded.

The Teletype

... is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-press info to you; reviews, previews, scoops on horror films in production, news-worthy monster curiosities, bulletins, and other gross-out-fishes. There are several contributors to our badge-podge Teletype page... **BILL FERET**, our man in Show Biz (he's a professional actor, singer, dancer with the impressive resume list of stage, film and TV credits to his name), makes use of his vast professional experiences and leads to Footrot items of interest to monster fans, and duly report on them in his flashing Walter-Wind-chill manner.

It certainly looks like the "Homer Hall of Fame" is about to have another master of menace added to those gruesome hallways as Jack Palance joins the company of Boris and Bela. With the filming of **CRAZE** already in the can, in which he plays a demon-worshiper, and production just completed in Yugoslavia on Dan Curtis' two-hour TV film version of **DRACULA**, with Palance in the title role, we are also to be treated by the ABC re-issue of his 1956 classic television performance as **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HIDE**. That one, thank goodness, was "sans musica!" and presented a mighty malcontent Mr. "J" as the characterization by Mr. P. Keep up the "bad" work, Jack.

Speaking of Jack ... the Ripper, that is he's about to be in the movies again. Besides a new version, set in (are you ready?) Abilene, Texas in 1888, titled **JACK THE RIPPER GOES WEST**, 20th Century Fox TV has ready for their Century Theatre presentation, **SIX** hour-long specials on the infamous lunatic Londoner. The series was shot in color in Britain. Another entry from Fox is **MOONBASE THREE**, which will also consist of six hour-long color segments.

Fox also has started production on their new futuristic-space yarn concerning immortality, entitled **ZARDOP**, in Ireland. The adventuresome "James Bond" himself, Sean Connery, stars, having replaced the ailing Burt Reynolds. The beautiful Charlotte Rampling, of **GEORGY GIRL**, co-stars.

The father of **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, author Ira Levin that is, is readying a thriller for the Broadway stage titled **VERONICA'S ROOM**. This should be quite a production.



JERRY LEWIS AS FRANKENSTEIN???????

CREATURES COMMUNIST MONSTER

Anyone who thought the plot for **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** was far, far out, would do well to study the latest scientific reports coming out of Sebasta. Scientists found a small island embedded in a chain of ice, extracted from a depth of 33 feet. They threw out the ice and the thing appeared to be that! The leader of the geological party went off his head in a pool at the American Academy of Sciences in Kila. He agreed to examine the creature. The island turned out to be a Siberian igloo, a species of lizard known to be a 12-spaces of ten to fifteen years. But the biggest surprise came as the head of a radioactivity test on the tiny creature. It showed the igloo to be nearly 100 years old! It would appear the basic premise of **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**—that an ancient creature could survive sub-arctic temperatures for years, and then return to life—is indeed true!

SHOWDOWN!

It's a fellow named Ron Olson gets his way, we'll be seeing a real tie "Abominable Snowman" before the summer's out. Olson is trying to tip the legendary man-sap! Olson is presently in Oregon, concentrating his search in the area around the Seelye mountains. Based on one of the slopes has been the site of many alleged appearances by the Snowman, and Olson has placed a huge steel trap there, in hopes of capturing one. It's Olson's belief that the creature were looking after by the reindeer work, and follow the same route. He's armed with a tranquilizer gun and camera, and the entire area is surrounded by a live wire sensing device. It and when it's broken, the "creature" is ready to go into action.

On the other side of the world, the original "Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas" is back in the news. Two members of a sixteen-man American expedition have climbed to the top of "Mystery Mountain," the legendary home of the "King of the Yaris."

The mountain guides view the peak as a holy place, which, they believe, holds secrets still unknown to man. The Sherpa guides speak of it as the abode of the "Great White Father" of abominable snowmen.

ORACULA ON PARADE

Just about everybody knows that the "Great White Father" of vampire films, Count Dracula, was actually fashioned after a real-life "monster"—the cruel Vlad Dracul. The ruthless ancestor of Bram Stoker's vampire general Wladislaw, part of Transylvania, in the latter half of the 15th century. Now, his ancestral home has become a tourist attraction. A group of American kids got a chance to visit the "House of Dracula"—the medieval castle, in which is set part of Romania, and the village of Sighetova, where the castle is, as part of a PARADE magazine study trip. —Lincoln English

Joan Crawford has been paid to play the lead in the usually all-male thriller **SMITH** on tour. "Would be a first, though whether she plays opposite another lady or a guy has yet to be determined.

THE EXORCIST in October? ... maybe. Director William Friedkin is hovering over a team of editors to have it completed by that date. It should be a fantastic achievement. The set was kept in a refrigeration unit at 10° below 0, so as to show the breath of the actors as they were plagued by the icy foe. The soundtrack will have NO music whatsoever. Ken Nordine, former organist, will create sounds never heard by any human before nor NASA Equipment. Ellen Burstyn, nominated for an Oscar for her superb performance in **THE LAST PICTURE SHOW**, is the heroine. It's sure to be a chilling (ah) experience anyway you look at it.



The same people who are bringing **THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLEN POE** to us shortly have announced plans for their next production, a psycho-thriller called **SCHIZO**. Two heads are better than one.

George Segal has copied the title role in the filmization of Michael Crichton's **TERMINAL MAN** at Warners. Film just started filming in L.A. Crichton himself is directing a chapter now before the cameras, called **WESTWORLD**, starring Yul Brynner.

THE SHADOW QUEST, a hunting thriller based on Hilary Vaughn's novel, starts filming soon in England.

Agatha Christie's thriller, **MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS**, will find its way to the screen via the British-based film company Anglo-EMI.

Robert Mulligan, director of **THE OTHER**, will take on stage work with the lensing of the Ross MacDonal novel, **THE DROWNING POOL**.

Early next year, artful director Franco Zeffirelli takes the director's chair on a new, big-budget production of **DANTE'S INFERNO**. If it can rival the thirties version with Spencer Tracy, this is a must-see.

THE is proud to announce that our very own Media Editor, R. Allan Lube, has a terrific interview with Gene Roddenberry, including a preview of the new television **QUESTAR**, in the June issue of **SHOW MAGAZINE**. For those of you who can't find **SHOW** on your newsstand and can't easily miss a single word here R. Allan's busy typewriter, you can find a copy of **SHOW**, 801 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



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July 15 August 19	OLD COMIC BOOK CLUB Chicago, Illinois	YMCA HOTEL 826 S. Wabash Chicago, Illinois	50 cents at the door	No special guests, but buying, trading and cheap table space
Sept. 1-3	TORCON 2— 31st Annual World S-F Con PO Box 4, Sta. K Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada	ROYAL YORK HOTEL Toronto, Canada	contact con for fan rates	Awarding of Hugo and Nebula awards
August 16- August 19	SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION Post Office Box 17068 San Diego, Calif. 92117	SHERATON INN- HARBOR ISLAND HOTEL San Diego, California 92117	no info, contact con.	Guests: Noel Adams, Caroline Infantino, Jack Kirby, Seymour, D.C. Fontana and others

THE CON-CAL-NDAR is a special exclusive feature of **THE MONSTER TIMES**. Among the covers, assembling every weekend, comic, sci-fi, fantasy, horror and monster breaks and even includes gallery to buy, sell, collect and trade in speeches. These prices are called conventions. As with most gatherings of aficionados, the get-togethers offer chances on the bazaar table, but the people are affable and friendly, and there is always the option that you can pick up some new items for your collection.

but really, conventions are for meeting people—famous, infamous and plain unknown.

If you're new to a convention, we have at **TMT** highly recommended any one of them. They offer in size and quality and emphasis, of course, but they're all fun to go to, and fun to look at. **TMT** will keep you informed of all the upcoming conventions, and we'll help you mixed at least one.

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TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

CREEP CRAWLS TO CLEVELAND!

To the editor...

There is a new horror host I've heard about called THE CREEP. Are you considering putting an article on him in *THE* in the future? He's new here to Cleveland, and I've drawn a picture of him for you.

Speaking of horror hosts, did you guys ever hear of Ernie Anderson? If you have, you might know he played a Cleveland horror host called GHOULARDI, Supreme Horror Host. Could you try to dig up some information or pictures on him?

Tony Batone
Maple Hgts., Ohio

It's apparent that you've missed several issues of *THE MONSTER TIMES* (namely, Issues 20, 21 and 22), where several CREEP stories have run. We didn't know, however, that THE CREEP had made the long trek to Cleveland. His popularity seems to be growing.

We'll try to dig up some stories and the like on GHOULARDI, even though we've never heard of him.

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

To the editor...

I was disappointed to see that Godzilla had won the monster poll instead of King Kong, even though I didn't vote. Godzilla may be a bit scary, but he's pretty fake. I think King Kong is much scarier than Godzilla. I think that King Kong should have won too! I think he should have won everything and not even have been in the "worst monster" category.

Monte Deventdittis, Age 8
Hempstead, New York 11550

To the editor...

I was outraged to see that GODZILLA won the monster poll instead of KING KONG! I felt this way because compared to KING KONG, GODZILLA looks so fake it's unbelievable. And I ask you, do you think that the movie "GODZILLA, King of the Monsters" was half as exciting as the movie "King Kong" which was made in 1933. I don't!

Louie Deventdittis, Age 11
Hempstead, New York 11550

To the editor...

I was sorely disappointed with the results of your monster poll (Volume 1, Number 22). That Godzilla, with all his phoniness and cheapness, could out-poll King Kong is indicative of the sad state of your once fine publication. Either you fixed the results in a headless deed (I refuse to believe), or your readership is full of baloney monster-appreciation wise. These crepe-paper balloon monsters are a discredit to the horror movie tradition. Godzilla is to King Kong as Daria Day is to Judy Garland or plasticity is to creativity. You are becoming a cutesy, gimmicky vapid rag. Wake Up!

Prof. Paul Deventdittis
Hempstead, New York 11550

Well, well, if it isn't King Kong's one family lobby. It seems like old Kong has a pocket of support on in the New York City hinterlands.

You are all, of course, entitled to your opinions concerning who your own favorite monster is, but the poll overwhelming showed who the favorite monster is with TMT readers. We didn't fix the poll (why in the world would we even want to), we didn't cheat anyone, we just offered them a clear choice and they picked their winner. It's interesting that at least one of you dissenters admitted to not voting. Certainly, if you felt this strongly about King Kong, you should have voted. He's late to decay the choice of your fellow monster fans.

As for the Professor's complaint that TMT readers are all wet "monster-appreciation wise", we'd humbly submit to Professor Deventdittis that he doesn't have the right to judge all monster fans. We would also ask for his credentials to pass judgment on other people's intelligence. King Kong was naturally upset. At a news conference called several days after the announcement, he was quoted as saying, "You won't have King Kong to kick around anymore."



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Over our first 25 issues, THE MONSTER TIMES has not covered much in the way of newspaper strips. It has been our opinion that the comic strip has been in a comatose state for many years now and was simply not worth talking about.

One strip, however, that always seems to consistently excel is BROOM-HILDA, written and drawn by Russell Myers. Managing Editor Joe Brancatelli condensed a long interview into the following article on Mr. Myers, who was a Guest of Honor along with C.C. Beck at the 1973 Comic Art Convention.

Consider the following combination: a 1500-year-old witch with an uncontrollable passion for cheap beer and smelly cigars; a philosophical, educated buzzard who's also a vegetarian, a troll with an oft-times painful turn in the basic goodness of man; a tree stum with an "on-call-on-demand" business on the side; and a 34-year-old artist with a penchant for old Hudson automobiles.

Throw those diverse elements together and the result is the hottest newspaper strip now in syndication. The 1500-year-old witch, BROOM-HILDA, and her creator/writer/artist, Russell Myers, have turned the syndicated newspaper business on its collective ear.

When the strip started on April 20, 1970, there were just over 100 papers carrying the strip. While that's pretty good for a new strip, no one was expecting the avalanche of response the strip would receive. By the time 1973 rolled around, BROOM-HILDA was already appearing in over 200 papers, daily and Sunday. In the process, it became the fastest selling strip in the country, surpassing even the politically-oriented DOONESBURY by Garry Trudeau. In short, that dirty old witch has come herself, her friends and Myers right behind her, to the highly competitive newspaper strip business.

Myers wasn't a success overnight, however, and he has served his apprenticeship. BROOM-HILDA was his sixth attempt at selling a newspaper strip. The previous five had all been rejected, and it took the absurdly funny BROOM-HILDA to convince the Chicago Tribune-Daily News Syndicate that Russell Myers just might have come up with a winner.

In between collecting syndicate rejection slips, artist Myers spent almost ten years writing and illustrating greeting cards for The Hallmark Company. He also collected a degree in liberal arts from Tulane University, a wife, a love for antique cars, and that unquenchable desire to do a newspaper strip.

For a while in his career, Myers attempted to crack the cartooning field. He sold four cartoons to the old SATURDAY EVENING POST, whereupon Myers reports, "the magazine promptly folded. After that experience, I gave up cartooning and went back to illustrating greeting cards."

When finally presented with the opportunity to do BROOM-HILDA for a national audience, he quickly proceeded to turn the strip into an instant success. By 1971, Lancer Books had issued a collection of BROOM-HILDA strips, and BROOM-HILDA was already being translated into several foreign languages.

MYERS' COLORFUL CAST

The amazing success of Broom-Hilda is probably attributable to the basic strength of the strip's four major characters. Although Myers has experimented with such characters as Olivia Troll and Broom-Hilda's mother, his four major characters dominate the action.

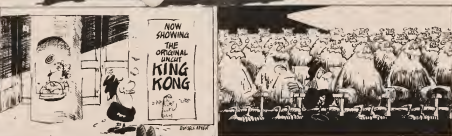
BROOM-HILDA

BY JOE BRANCATELLI

Myers with his vintage Hudson.



A strange strip comprising a beer-swilling green witch, a vegetarian buzzard, a loveable troll and Don Rickles in a log.



This is one of Russell Myers' more monster-ian strips, as Broom-Hilda meets what only can be considered a heiry audience.



RUSSELL MYERS

Nobody thought that Broom-Hilda could be sexy. This apedale place, which goes this year's NEW YORK CONVENTION PROGRAM BOOK, cast Broom-Hilda as Vampirella. And that's about as out-of-their-act as we've seen her!

The star, of course, is Broom-Hilda herself. Myers enjoys calling her a "dirty old man in drag." And she is. She is never without her beer can and smelly cigar, and Broom-Hilda considers beer and cigars a "komic broth." In fact, outside of her lust for the unattainable men, she lives solely for beer and cigars. The cheaper, the better. She's green-skinned, 1500 years old and was once married to Attila the Hun. Myers says she "represents everything foul." If she does, she is the funnest "foul" to hit comics in years.

The next major character is Gaylord the buzzard. He's the strip's "effete intellectual" in Myers' view, and is the complete opposite of Broom-Hilda. He spends his whole life thinking and contemplating, never allowing his emotions to overwhelm him. He's probably the only vegetarian buzzard around, but he doesn't seem to mind that in fact, few things bother Gaylord and he's always playing the stoic in search of the logical answer.

The strip's lovable character is Irwin the Troll. According to Myers, Irwin is the character that "14-year-old girls cut out and hang on their walls." Irwin represents everything good and sweet and peaceful in the world. He's also incredibly naive and not very bright, but no one seems to mind, merely because he's so lovable.

The last major character, and the strangest in this strange corner, is Greibler. All Myers has ever revealed about Greibler is that he's a log with two eyes. He lives solely to insult people. If we didn't know better, we could swear that Don Rickles is stuffed into that log. He's the strip's "big meanie" and his log is always cluttered with signs like: "Meanness for the Messes" and "Free insults, Open 24 Hours." He's your natural ego-bruiser, feelings-hurter and all-around insensitive oaf. But how do you shut up a talking log?

Each character is perfectly portrayed for laughs—and for an occasional potshot at the powers that be. Broom-Hilda is usually played strictly for laughs, although on occasion she'll telephone Henry Kissinger to cancel a date that was never planned—simply for the status of it. She's basically apolitical, so involved with beer and cigars and men to be worried about the world's problems.

Gaylord and Irwin, however, are

oft-times vehicles for a subdued political statement. Gaylord is often depicted as the confused, fuzzy-thinking intellectual who can reason, but can't believe in nature. Irwin the Troll, on the other hand, is in constant search for the truth and peace and love. He's often stepped upon by more powerful forces due to his own naivete. On occasion, though, Irwin does find a little love—and almost always gets it, even when he's down.

COLLECTOR TO CARTOONIST

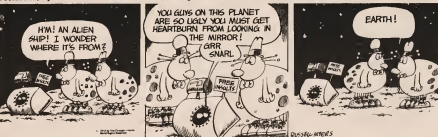
Although BROOM-HILDA is an unconventional and highly personalized strip, it does have its roots in some more established comic art traditions. Russell Myers admits to being a comic collector as a child, and he claims he still has "all 2000 of them in the basement somewhere."

When asked who he most admires, Myers has a quick answer, and readily presents his top three. His all-time favorite is Roy Crane, who over the years has drawn WASH TUBBS and BUZ SAWYER. Crane is a recognized giant in the field, being an early experimentalist with comic art techniques now taken for granted. Myers also admires the work of Chester Gould, creator of DICK TRACY. Although the strip has faltered somewhat in recent years, Myers is quick to point out that Gould has one of the most imaginative minds in the business, a mind that always creates the offbeat and the interesting.

But the artist who seems to have the most effect on Russell Myers is Carl Barks. Many of you may have never heard of Barks, and that is part of Barks' mystique. Barks has been a long-time writer and illustrator of many of Walt Disney's characters, among them Donald Duck, Scrooge McDuck and The Junior Woodchucks. Barks' tales of Barks have more to do with the popularity of Disney's characters than Disney himself. In Myers own words, "we were all reading the duck stories, knowing we were getting something extraordinary, but didn't know who was doing it." Barks has recently been "discovered" by the fans, and Myers considers his visit with Barks last year a "highpoint" of his career.

This year, at the recent 1973 Comic Art Convention, Russell Myers was honored along with C.C. (CAPTAIN MARVEL) Beck and Burne (TARZAN) Hogarth. At 34, Myers is about half the age of both of these deans of the comic field. What that means, if nothing else, is that we can look forward to many more years of the loveable absurdity of BROOM-HILDA and the gang. That is, as long as there's enough beer and smelly cigars to go around.

On occasion, Myers also deals with science-fiction, sending Greibler to the moon to effilite the poor moon beings with his rude manners.





Maddened by the very sight of his own insidious inventions, The Fly goes berserk, making a shambles out of what was once the finest transportation machine in the world—in fact, the "only" transportation machine in the world.

Everyone hates a day that starts like this, being menaced by a monster and all. Incidentally, actor Al Hedison, who plays Andre "The Fly" Delambre, changed his name to David Hedison shortly after appearing in this film.



THE FLY Continued from page 5

"He's coming around now, Helene," I heard Brandon say.

"Will he be alright?" mother asked. "Yes, but he's had quite a bad shock. It may be some time before you'll be able to question him, Inspector."

With that I opened my eyes fully and mother came quickly forward. "Philip, are you alright, dear?" I nodded, and as I did a man Dr. Brandon identified as Inspector Charas pressed his way to my side and asked me to give him the full details behind everything that had gone on in the lab.

After explaining the entire story of my shocking experience, I asked if he knew where my father was—to which the inspector only replied, "I don't know, Philip, we were hoping you could tell us." And with that mother began to cry uncontrollably. Finding myself too weak to rise and comfort her, I could only watch as the two men escorted her out of the silent room... silent except for the crazed hum of a housefly somewhere off by the window. I began to scream once again before I blacked out.

It was only after my recovery that I learned that father had run amok through the laboratory, smashing all the equipment with a fire axe so that his process couldn't be re-established by anyone else. Following his rage in the basement, father rushed upstairs to mother—covering his head with a black cloth so as not to alarm or upset her. Mother's reaction was somewhat of a calm one, but then mother was always cool, never giving in to fears

that would make any other woman scream with terror.

The fly and the man in father were still in contact and it was with great difficulty that the man in him kept the monster in check. The loathsome hand at times reached out for mother with God knows what horrible designs and the man's hand had to forcibly restrain it. On a blackboard father wrote:

"Help me, but don't come near me."

A MEAN MOTHER

Father then led my entranced mother out into the night to a factory compound where they entered a shed containing a huge, hydraulic metal press. Father set the press, placed his head and arm in the press bed so they would be smashed unrecognizably and then gestured to mother to release the plunger. She did so and then moved to the press as though to pull father from under the plunger. Suddenly the horrible fly arm struck out and grabbed her dress in an effort to pull her into the press. It was obvious the fly had of my father was attempting to escape the press, but the man's hand, controlled by the remnants of my father's nature resolutely held to the press.

At the last possible moment, mother tore herself free. Then, as the fly—and the man—were crushed, mother ran dazedly out of the shed.

The next day when both Doctor Brandon and Inspector Charas listened to her incredible story, it sounded like the ravings of a maniac. Brandon believed the story, having seen my father's invention, but Charas was skeptical and told mother she would have to be confined in jail pending a hearing into the bizarre

matter. When Brandon insisted the story to be true, Charas just cynically suggested, "Find the fly."

For the next few days Brandon sought the fly hectically, but not very hopefully, and was unsuccessful. When Charas finally came with an ambulance and the police cars to take mother away, Brandon was forced to confess to mother that he lied in telling her he had found the fly. Then, as mother was being forcibly taken from our home, I came up to the group crying that I had heard a fly outside the bedroom window during my recovery. Quickly, everyone rushed around to the back of the house, knowing full well the horror that might be waiting there. When I reached the spot under my window, I realized why the hum of the fly had been so insane. There, strung between a large clump of bushes, was the largest spider-web I had ever seen. As I got closer I could hear again the hurried flapping of tiny wings, along with the "squeak... squeak" of a small fly caught fast in the spider's sticky trap. But when we walked closer to the web, I discovered something that made my blood run cold. For there entangled in the silky strands was the image of my father. He was looking up at me from the body of a fly! Even Inspector Charas could hear his faint, high-pitched words, "Help me, help, somebody, help me!" as a huge brown spider came running out to devour him. The shocked Charas almost instinctively reached for a boulder and came down with a crashing blow on the whole ghastly scene.

After it was all over, Dr. Brandon pointed out that by crushing the fly, Charas was as guilty of murder as mother. "I know," Charas muttered, "but who will believe me?" He agreed, however, to report father's death as a suicide and relieved mother of any restraint. And with that the whole nightmarish affair was finished—at least for the next two decades.

During my maturing teen years I worked hard at all my studies, hoping to follow in my father's footsteps. Mother was against it all the way, however, and there would be many times she'd retell the story of how she had to kill father—hoping that it would dissuade me from continuing with my work in dad's old laboratory.

Father had been a fine scientist in his day, but he'd been working in the dark ages as far as equipment was concerned.

"Help me—ee... help me—ee—ee!" cries tiny fly with scientist's head as a hungry spider advances, and Herbert Marshall, Charles Hackett and Vincent Price look on in helpless horror. Whatever the flaws in THE FLY and its sequel contained, this individual scene still ranks as one of the most eerily effective ever to appear in ANY horror film.





Vincent Price is confronted by diabolical Delambres No. 2—Phillip, son of Andrea, who for tampering with things beyond the ken of mortal man, suffers the same fate as his father before him in RETURN OF THE FLY.

Science had come a long way in 20 years and new machines enabled me to rebuild the teleportation machine better than it had been originally.

I sometimes worked round the clock to get it all finished; you see, mother was in ill health and I wanted to make sure she would live to see her husband's work completed and the name Delambre reinstated in the scientific community by her son. But fate was against it, and the day I was all set to prove my accomplishments—the up and died. You can imagine my disappointment.

At the ensuing funeral I met and talked again with old Doc Brandon, who still was carrying on a lucrative practice here in the Canadian province where any doctor was at a premium.

"What have you been doing with yourself lately, Phillip?" he asked.

"Working on my father's old experiments," I replied curtly, not wanting to cause a scene. But still the Doctor continued.

"You know what happened to your father, don't you?"

I just nodded.

"Phillip, I know I can't stop you from what you are doing, and I know my words here won't stop you; but I implore you to watch what you're tampering with. Remember your father thought he had everything planned too, until just one careless, impatient mistake sent him to his downfall. Science is very exacting, my boy, and if you insist on continuing with your father's work, you must be absolutely sure of everything you do—or be willing to pay the consequences if you don't." And with that he just turned and walked away.

I knew deep down in my heart that he was right, but nothing in the world could have made me give up experimenting now that I was so close to success. So after the last few shovels of earth were placed over my mother's coffin, I turned sadly towards my car with hopes of losing some of my grief in my work at home. When I drove up to the house I saw Alan, my new assistant, waiting on the porch motioning me to hurry into the lab.

Alan was a strange sort of fellow, but he was still a good scientist and an able assistant to me in my work. That's why I was a bit worried over this sudden burst of excitement—what could be going on?

As it turned out, Alan had made the fine connections on the teleporter and was waiting for me to return so I could give the secret computer codings that would activate the machine. You see, knowing the vast importance of the invention, I had allowed no one access to the secret number codes that would set the machines running, fearing that some

unscrupulous people might want to steal it for their own nefarious ends. Now it was the time, however, when I would have to tell Alan and in so doing make the biggest mistake of my life.

SPY VS. FLY

For I did not know it at the time, but in reality Alan was working for a foreign government who wanted the teleporter for their own sinister purposes. But I blindly gave away the secret, and as soon as I had done so, Alan knocked me unconscious with his gun butt and dragged me over to the teleportation machine and set the controls. He was just about to send my atoms off into another dimension when he was struck by an even better idea—why not do to me what my father had done to himself? After all, he had already—as I was later to learn—merged a snooping inspector with a rat in the machine. So without a moment's hesitation, he lured a housefly into the chamber with me and threw the lever sending us both over to the other booth. There was a bright flash, and somehow I knew that the devil's work had been done again. For I found myself looking out on the laboratory through thousands of glassy eyes, and I

realized I'd been turned into a fly creature like my father years before!

I could see Alan standing by the doorway as if he were in a trance—struck dumb by the nightmare he had created. Suddenly a jolt of pain entered my mind and all I wanted to do was smash my way out of the booth and kill everyone in sight, but I knew this was just the animal mind of the fly trying desperately to overcome my human senses...and I wasn't about to let it become master. Looking around inside the cabinet I spotted a small fly, buzzing around. It had a small version of my head attached to its tiny torso. My only hope then was to keep the insect caged till I could somehow reverse the process. So as I left the booth, I was careful not to let the bug fly away.

As I was getting out I could see out of the corner of one of my many eyes that my assistant, Alan, still hadn't moved from his position. As I closed the door of the cabinet, another bolt of pain flashed through my mind and this time I couldn't control it. I lashed out in the direction of Alan, my hairy arm outstretched to kill him. In a moment, he was dead.

Just then another searing stab of pain flashed through my entire body and I knew it wouldn't be long before my mind would completely collapse. So, knowing that my machine was still in working order, I threw the lever once again and stepped into the cabinet with the small fly still buzzing around. Again came the blinding blue light that meant transformation was only seconds away. I mentally crossed my fingers and prayed everything would return to normal...but things would never be the same for me again.

So that's the story. I was restored to my original body, and my mind, aside from the emotional scars left by the ordeal, now functions normally. All that's left for me to do is convince the rest of the world of the truth of my story. But you...you believe me...don't you?

Understandably angered by the spy (David Frankham) who turned him into a fly, Brett Halsey as Phillip Delambres lifts the untrustworthy assistant with dispatch. Unlike his father, Phillip enjoyed a happy ending, as he was transformed back into a normal, if trauma-scared, human.

THE FLY 20th CENTURY FOX 1958. Running time: 96 minutes. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Screenplay by James Clavel, from the novel by George Langelaan. Starring Vincent Price (Brandon), David Hedison (Andre Delambre), Patricia Owens (Dora Delambre), Herbert Marshall (the Inspector), Charles Herbert (the boy), Kathleen Freeman, Eugene Borden.

RETURN OF THE FLY FOX 1959. Running time: 79 minutes. Directed by Edward L. Bernds. Screenplay by Edward L. Bernds. Starring Vincent Price, Brett Halsey, David Frankham, Dan Seymour, John Dutton, Delmarie De Metz.

(Editor's Note: For further developments in the strange history of the diabolical Delambres, you'll have to wait until serial number 2, *COUSE OF THE FLY*, shows up on the Late Show.)



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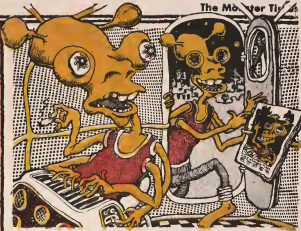


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